

ME

STRONG MAN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

NO.3
10c



WHY
DOES **STRONGMAN** BEND
THE BIG MINUTE HAND?
READ
"THE DEADLY HOUR!"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PIMPLES

dry up in 3 days OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

At last science has discovered a fast, harmless way to clear your skin of those horrible pimples, blackheads and acne spots. This is an entirely new, greaseless cream that contains powerful A and D vitamins. It works by getting out the superfluous skin oils pimple-causing and the same time counteracts by antiseptic growth of bacteria that cause and spread blemishes.



IMPROVE YOUR WITH FILTRATION

You look better the minute you apply wonder-working CLEAR-X, because its amazing skin color hides the blemishes while its medicinal action gets to work clearing them up fast. You don't risk a penny. Get CLEAR-X by sending in the coupon now, use it for 3 days, and if your skin troubles are not definitely improved, you pay nothing

READER'S DIGEST

reports amazing results from the CLEAR-X type of treatment. Experiments by a great medical college on 100 men, women and young people showed improvements in every case.

FREE IF YOU ACT NOW!

A \$3.00 jar of CLEAR-X medicated soap to help CLEAR-X work even faster with double action. That's a \$6.00 value for just \$2.98.

LOVE CAN BE YOURS AGAIN!

You can't blame him (or her) for not wanting to kiss you if your skin is oily, defaced with ugly pimples, blackheads and acne spots. Give yourself a break! CLEAR-X will clear your skin like magic!

MAIL COUPON NOW and be happy

CLEAR-X Products, Dept. S.M.3
270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me at once the marvelous new CLEAR-X formulation as per your money-back guarantee.

- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send postpaid. (I save .55 mail charges.)
☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. charges.

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

- ☐ I enclose \$6. Rush triple size. (I save \$3.)

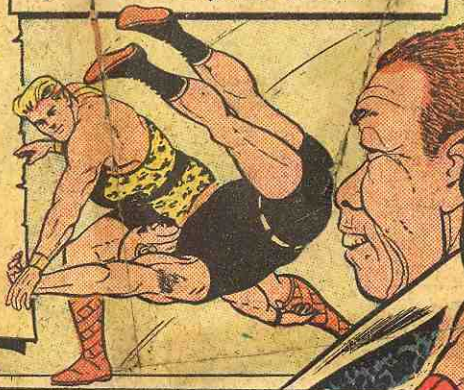
Foreign and APO's—No COD's.

STRONG MAN

STRONGMAN IS THE STRONGEST HUMAN BEING ALIVE TODAY... HE HAS NO SUPERHUMAN POWERS, NO FANTASTIC MAGIC THAT CAN TRANSFORM HIM FROM WEAKLING TO UNCONQUERABLE CHAMPION... BUT HE DOES HAVE **STRENGTH..GREAT STRENGTH..** WHICH HE DEVELOPED HIMSELF BY EXERCISE, CLEAN LIVING, GOOD EATING AND POSITIVE **WILL POWER!** AS HE HAS DONE... SO CAN YOU..!

Powell

BESIDES HIS MUSCULAR MIGHT, **STRONGMAN** POSSESSES THE ANCIENT SKILL OF JUDO, TAUGHT BY THE MASTER, **HIROKINO**....



HE IS AN EXPERT MAGICIAN, HAVING LEARNED ALL THE TRICKS OF PRESTIDIGITATION AND ILLUSION FROM HIS UNCLE, **WANDAMI, THE GREAT...**



THE FAMED WESTERN PERFORMER, **TIM THORPE**, WAS **STRONGMAN'S** INSTRUCTOR IN THE ART OF THE SNAKING LARIAT...



...ALL THESE SKILLS, **STRONGMAN** USES TO HELP THE HELPLESS AND TO OVERCOME THE WRONGDOER! READ ON NOW AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!



STRONG MAN



WITH FLAILING FISTS POWERED BY MAGNIFICENT MUSCLES AND SUPERB REFLEXES, **STRONGMAN** LAYS THE DESPERATE ASSAILANTS LOW! BUT NOW MORE OF THEM ARE COMING UP ON HIM FROM BEHIND! AND THEY SMILE EVILLY AS THEY COME — FOR THEY KNOW THEY ARE

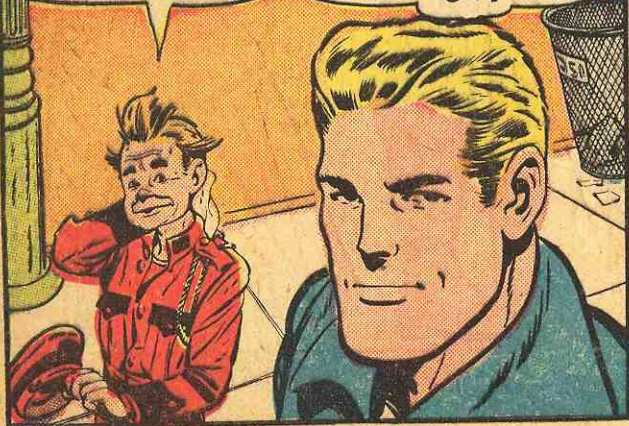
TOO MANY FOR STRONGMAN

Parrell

ONE SULTRY AUGUST DAY—

WHEN—IS IT AS HOT UP THERE AS IT IS DOWN HERE, STRONGMAN?

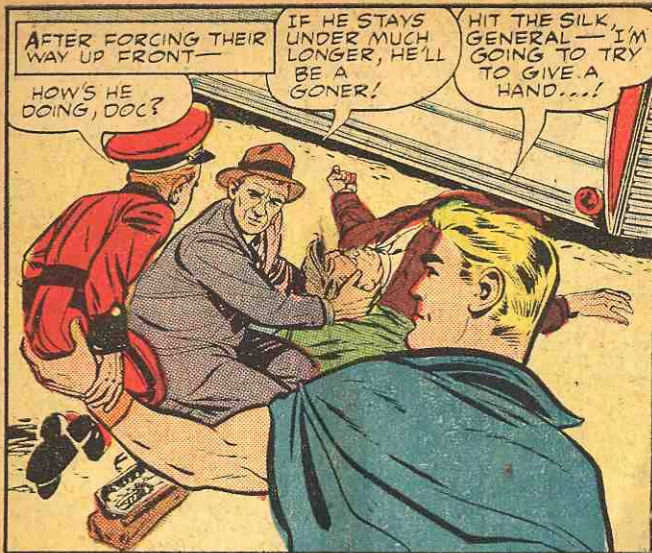
SURE IS, GENERAL—I'M A LOT CLOSER TO THE SUN... HEY! THAT CROWD... WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?



A TRUCK FLIPPED OVER... THERE'S A MAN PINNED UNDERNEATH... AND EVERYBODY'S JUST WAITING AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? IT'D TAKE A COUPLE OF HYDRAULIC JACKS TO LIFT THAT TRUCK!



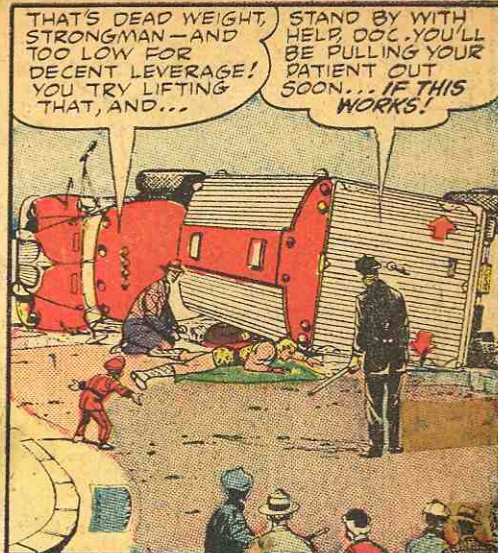


AFTER FORCING THEIR WAY UP FRONT—

HOW'S HE DOING, DOC?

IF HE STAYS UNDER MUCH LONGER, HE'LL BE A GONER!

HIT THE SILK, GENERAL—I'M GOING TO TRY TO GIVE A HAND...!



THAT'S DEAD WEIGHT, STRONGMAN—AND TOO LOW FOR DECENT LEVERAGE! YOU TRY LIFTING THAT, AND...

STAND BY WITH HELP, DOC. YOU'LL BE PULLING YOUR PATIENT OUT SOON... IF THIS WORKS!



THERE'S JUST SPACE ENOUGH FOR **STRONGMAN** TO WEDGE ONE SHOULDER UNDERNEATH THE MASSIVE TRUCK...

HE'S TRYING TO JACK IT UP BY HIMSELF!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!... HE'S ONLY FLESH AND BONE!



HE'S PUSHING... TRYING TO MAKE CLEARANCE FOR HIS OTHER SHOULDER!

THE TRUCK'S INCHING UP... BUT IF HE'S NOT RIGHT WHEN IT SLAMS DOWN AGAIN, IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR HIM!



A FINAL Herculean Heave... A FAST SQUIRM FORWARD... AND THEN **STRONGMAN** BRACES HIS POWERFUL SHOULDER MUSCLES AGAINST THE JARRING IMPACT! AND...

MY PATIENT'LL BE ALL RIGHT—THANKS TO YOU, **STRONGMAN**.. AND WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN JUST A MINUTE—THE HYDRAULIC JACKS ARE COMING UP THE STREET RIGHT NOW!



AS **STRONGMAN** ROLLS OUT FROM UNDER THE JACKED-UP TRUCK, THE CROWD SURGES FORWARD EXCITEDLY! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR THE TINY GENERAL TO KEEP FROM GETTING TRAMPLED!

WHY WASN'T I BORN TALL AS WELL AS HANDSOME?



WHEW—THAT WAS CLOSER THAN A SHAVE BY A NEAR-SIGHTED BARBER!

MY CONTACT HAS COME EARLY—FOR ONE SO SMALL, HE IS VERY BRAVE—!

FOR ME IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAND OVER THE STOLEN PLANS A FEW MINUTES SOONER! HOW CLEVER OF PETROV TO CHOOSE A MIDGET FOR A CONTACT! EVEN IN THIS MOST CROWDED OF STREETS ALTHOUGH I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO FIND HIM....!



NOW TO PASS THE PLANS AS PETROV INSTRUCTED! FORTUNATELY, I AM ADEPT AT SLEIGHT-OF-HAND... FIRST I PRETEND TO STUMBLE AGAINST THE CONTACT...

HEY!



THEN WHILE HOLDING HIM TO HIS FEET, I SLAP THE CAPSULE LOADED WITH MICROFILM UNDER HIS COAT-LINING—AND THE STICKY TAPE WOUND AROUND IT WILL KEEP IT HANGING THERE....!

LAY OFF, MISTER—I DIDN'T ASK FOR A MASSAGE!



LATE THAT NIGHT—

AGENT Y13 REPORTING. THE PLANS HAVE BEEN PASSED AS ORDERED.

FOOL!... OUR MIDGET SENT WORD HOURS AGO! YOU NEVER CONTACTED HIM...!



B-BUT...

QUIET! YOU WILL BE DEALT WITH LATER... MEANWHILE, I HAVE NOT BEEN IDLE—I ALREADY KNOW WHO THE WRONG MIDGET IS! AND EVEN NOW, THREE OF MY MORE TRUSTWORTHY AGENTS ARE PREPARING TO BREAK INTO THIS ROOM....!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE GENERAL'S BEDROOM...

THE COAT!... I SEE IT DRAPPED OVER THAT CHAIR!

SHHH... THE SMALL ONE TOSSES IN HIS SLEEP!



WHO'S THAT MOVING AROUND OVER THERE?





MAPE!
GLUB!
THE TADE ON THE
CAPSULE... IT IS
STICKING FAST!
I NEED A KNIFE
TO CUT THE
LINING....



BUT THE GENERAL'S OUTCRY
WAS HEARD IN THE NEXT
ROOM BY—

STRONGMAN!

DIDN'T
KNOW
WE
WERE
EXPECT-
ING COMPANY!
BUT NOW THAT
THEY'RE HERE
AND PLAYING
GAMES...



...NO REASON WHY
I SHOULDN'T JOIN IN!

A MOMENT LATER...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY..
BUT I HAVE TO CHECK ON
THE GENERAL... HE WAS
HIT BY THAT CHAIR.

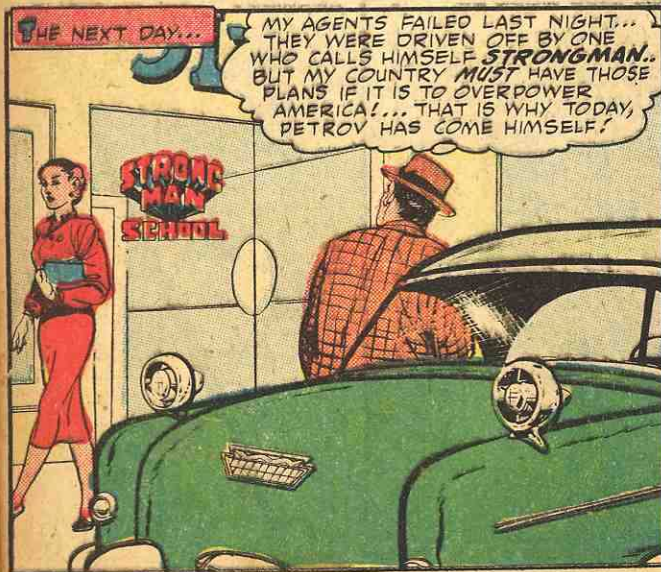


NEXT TIME WE
BUY FURNITURE,
STRONGMAN...

...LET'S MAKE SURE
IT'S NOT (GROAN)
MADE OF HARD-
WOOD!



YOU'RE OKAY.—IT'S ONLY
YOUR WISE CRACKS THAT YE
TAKEN A TURN FOR THE
WORSE... NOW LET'S GET
SERIOUS, GENERAL... DO
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA **WHAT**
THOSE ROUGH BABIES
WERE AFTER UP HERE..?



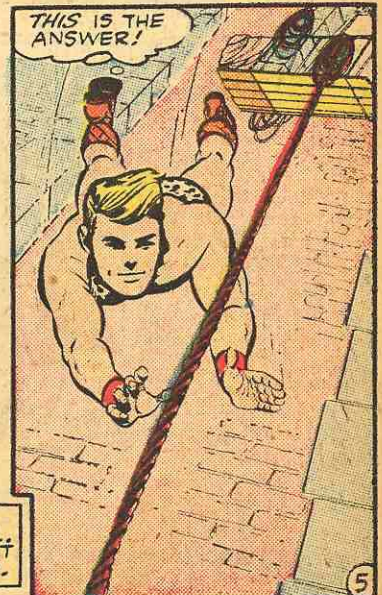
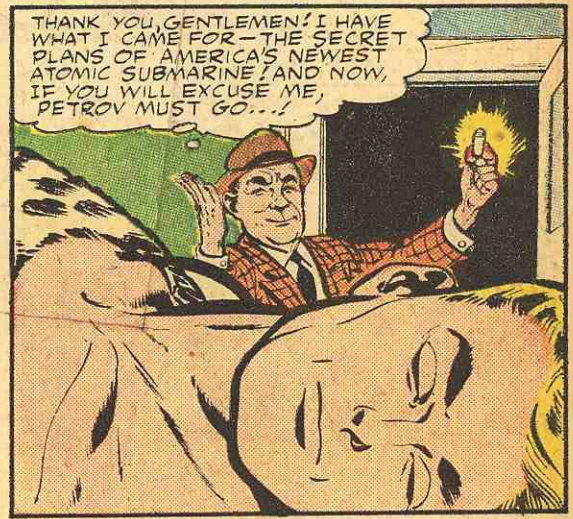
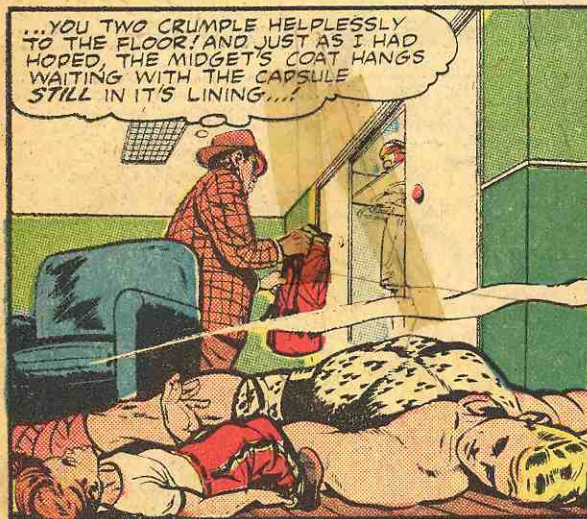
THE NEXT DAY...

MY AGENTS FAILED LAST NIGHT..
THEY WERE DRIVEN OFF BY ONE
WHO CALLS HIMSELF **STRONGMAN**..
BUT MY COUNTRY **MUST** HAVE THOSE
PLANS IF IT IS TO OVERPOWER
AMERICA!... THAT IS WHY TODAY,
PETROV HAS COME HIMSELF!



...AND PETROV
NEVER FAILS!

"MY STRENGTH
IS YOURS"



EDITOR'S NOTE: STRONGMAN'S ABILITY TO HOLD HIS BREATH FOR A LONG TIME IS ANOTHER FACET OF HIS AMAZING MUSCULAR CONTROL. AMONG OTHER FAMOUS MEN WITH THE SAME SKILL WAS THE GREAT HOUDINI, WHO COULD HOLD HIS BREATH FOUR MINUTES UNDERWATER.



WHEN PETROY LEAVES THE BUILDING, STRONGMAN IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

SLEEP WELL, MY TWO FRIENDS... PLEASANT NIGHTMARES! YOUR COUNTRY IS DOOMED!



TWO HOURS LATER...

DO YOU HAVE THE PLANS, PETROY?

BUT OF COURSE! PETROY NEVER FAILS! HAVE YOU CALLED ALL THE AGENTS TOGETHER? WE LEAVE FOR OUR HOMELAND AT ONCE!

AND STILL STRONGMAN IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT...



BUT THEN...

THERE WAS NO TIME TO GET MY JAGUAR FROM THE GARAGE! ONLY WAY I COULD TAIL THAT CHARACTER WAS TO HITCH A RIDE UNDER HIM...!



UH-OH... OVER TEN OF THEM IN THERE! COULD BE I BIT OFF MORE THAN I COULD CHEW!



THEN...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW... A LITTLE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

DON'T CROWD ME, FOLKS—I'M NOT ALONE!



...I BROUGHT JUDO WITH ME.

...AND ALTHOUGH HE PUTS UP A STIFF FIGHT, THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR EVEN STRONGMAN TO HANDLE! AND SO...

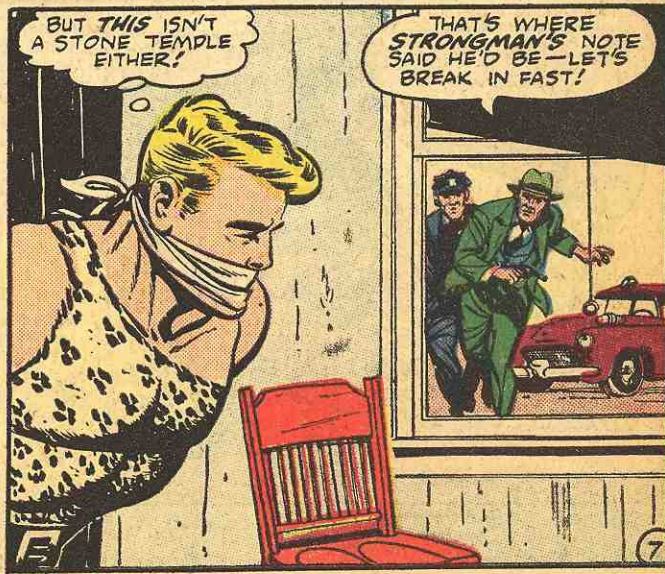
YOU ARE LIKE ALL AMERICANS, STRONGMAN... YOU OVERESTIMATE YOUR STRENGTH. BUT NOW YOU HAVE LEARNED... YOU ARE NO SAMPSON!

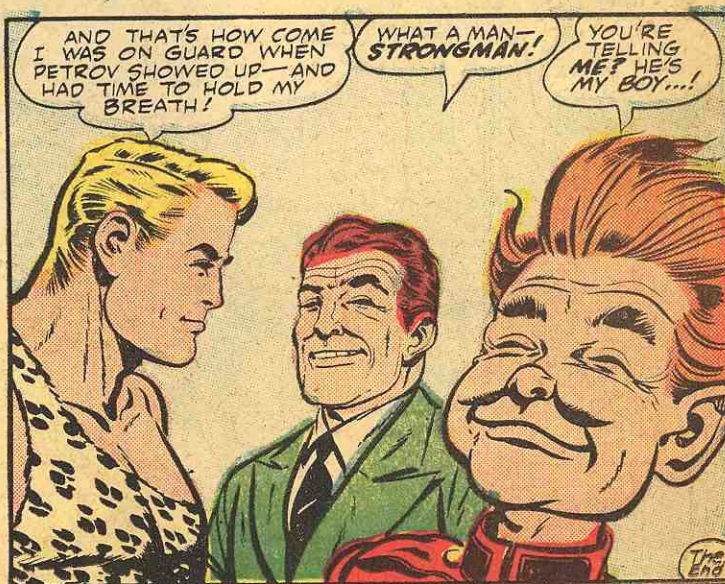


STRONGMAN HANDLES THE TWO GUARDS WITH EASE, BUT NOW THE REST OF THE SPY RING FOUR OUT OF THE HOUSE....



IN LOCATING YOUR MIDGET FRIEND, WE FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT YOU, **STRONGMAN**! I KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU ARE WITH ONE POLICE INSPECTOR **GRIMM**, WHO HAS OFTEN PLAGUED ME IN THE PAST. SO IN **YOUR** NAME, I HAVE SENT HIM A MESSAGE TO COME HERE TO RESCUE YOU...





The End

MUSCLE BUILDING

THE TWO HAND SNATCH

THE PICTURES ON THIS PAGE SHOW HOW PROFESSIONAL WEIGHT LIFTERS CAN RAISE TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS SUCH AS THE PRESENT WORLD RECORD OF 331½ POUNDS!

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE WILL GIVE YOU THE BASIC POSITIONS AND TIPS ON HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR OWN BEST STYLE..



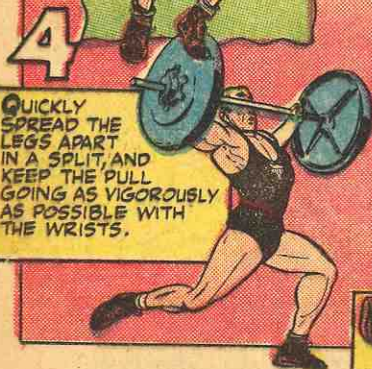
1 BEGIN LIFT WITH BACK FLAT, KNEES BENT AND YOUR HEAD UP...



2 STRAIGHTEN TORSO, PULLING UP HARD WITH THE ARMS AND SHOULDERS.



3 ...HIPS BEGIN TO THRUST FORWARD, LEGS FULLY EXTENDED, ARMS CONTINUE PULL...



4 QUICKLY SPREAD THE LEGS APART IN A SPLIT, AND KEEP THE PULL GOING AS VIGOROUSLY AS POSSIBLE WITH THE WRISTS.



5 SPLIT IS LOW AND WIDE AND PUTS WHOLE BODY UNDER WEIGHTS.



6 STEADY THE POSITION.. BE SURE THE BAR IS IN BALANCE... STRAIGHTEN LEGS AND COME TO FINAL POSITION...

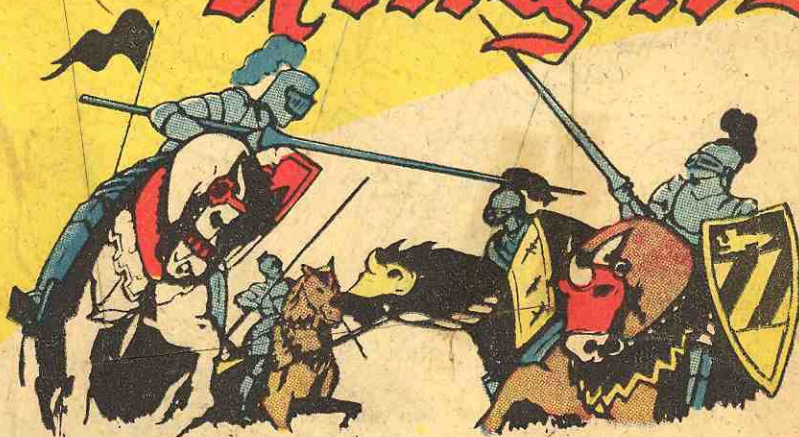
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KIDS!

BE THE FIRST
to send for the
new plastic

KINGS' Knights

ONLY
\$1.00
postpaid



Now you can form your own battle lines, storm castle walls, and live in those glorious pages of history when men were men!

Here is terrific fun for everyone in the family. For only \$1.00 postpaid we will send you a set of colorful battle horses, men in armor, and weapons, all in beautiful non-breakable plastic. The weapons and banners are interchangeable!



HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

- 6 Knight battle horses in armor.
- 6 Mounted Knights in armor.
- 4 Foot Knights in armor.
- 10 Interchangeable weapons.

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10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

NO COD'S

Gentlemen:

HERE IS MY DOLLAR! Rush full set of Kings' Knights. If not completely satisfied I can return merchandise for full refund. Canada and foreign orders: send \$1.50 international postal money order.

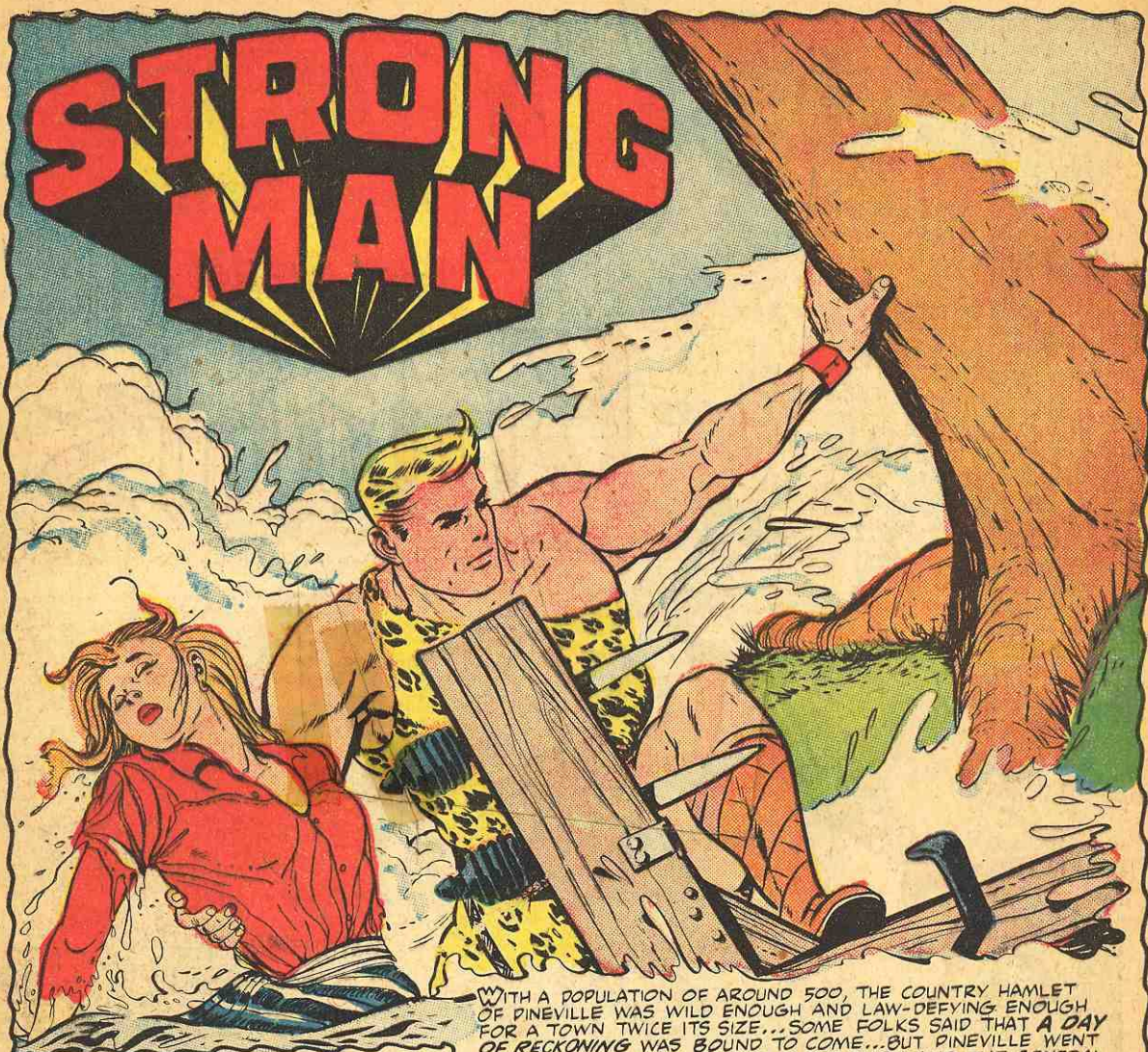
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

STRONG MAN



WITH A POPULATION OF AROUND 500, THE COUNTRY HAMLET OF PINEVILLE WAS WILD ENOUGH AND LAW-DEFYING ENOUGH FOR A TOWN TWICE ITS SIZE... SOME FOLKS SAID THAT A DAY OF RECKONING WAS BOUND TO COME... BUT PINEVILLE WENT ON ITS MERRY WAY, DANCING IN THE DARK, AND THE GENERAL ATTITUDE WAS: "AFTER ME—"

Powell

THE DELUGE

YES, THE TOWN LIVED HIGH... AND WIDE... BUT NOT REALLY HANDSOME...

25 LIMIT
MPH
P.P.D.

WE'RE TOPPING 85—NOT BAD, HEY MAN?

BAR



OTHER PEOPLE THOUGHT THINGS LIKE THIS WERE BAD—BUT SUCH FOLKS SEEMED TO BE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN...

THIS TOWN IS SPEEDING TO DESTRUCTION... AND MARK MY WORDS, HEAVEN WILL NOT BE MOCKED... ONE DAY RETRIBUTION WILL COME—AND THEN ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US...!



BUT THE BAD ELEMENT OF PINEVILLE CONTINUED ON THEIR RECKLESS COURSE, WORRYING NOT AT ALL... AND THEN, ONE RAINY NIGHT, DOOM BEGAN TO ROLL DOWN ON THE WAYWARD TOWN—!



SEVERAL MILES AWAY, A STRANGE LOOKING PAIR APPROACHED PINEVILLE...



Y'KNOW, STRONGMAN, THOSE MUSCLES OF YOURS COME IN REAL HANDY SOMETIMES—!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG— WE DIDN'T GET THE HEAD START WE EXPECTED— STEP ON IT, MIKE!

DON'T WORRY, JERRY! JOE'S A FEW MILES UP AHEAD GETTING READY TO STOP ANY PURSUIT COLD...!



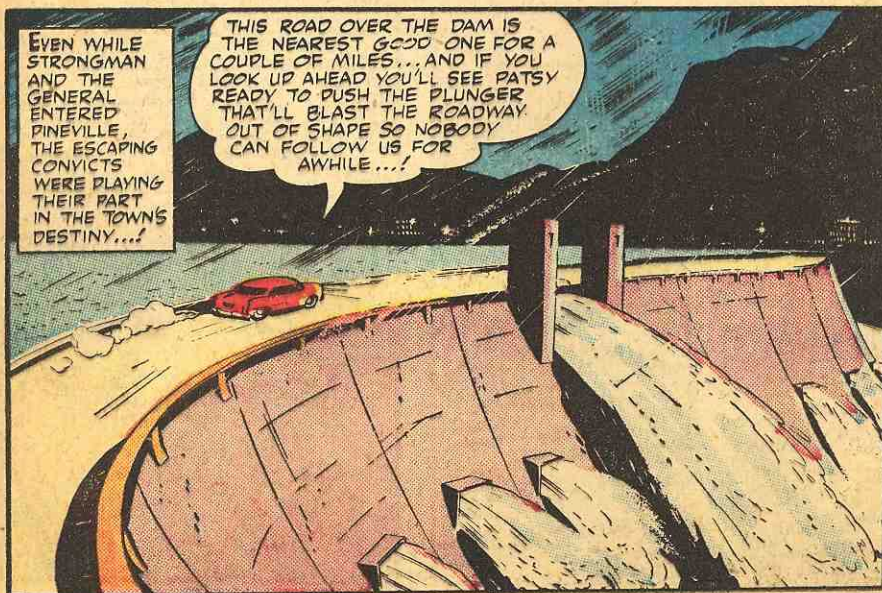
ESPECIALLY WHEN THE OLD HEAD BREAKS DOWN ON A DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD AND THERE'S NO WAY TO GET A TOW-TRUCK! ER— YOU WANT TO STEER FOR A SPELL WHILE I PULL?



FOR A MIDGET, GENERAL YOU HAVE A MIGHTY BIG MOUTH!

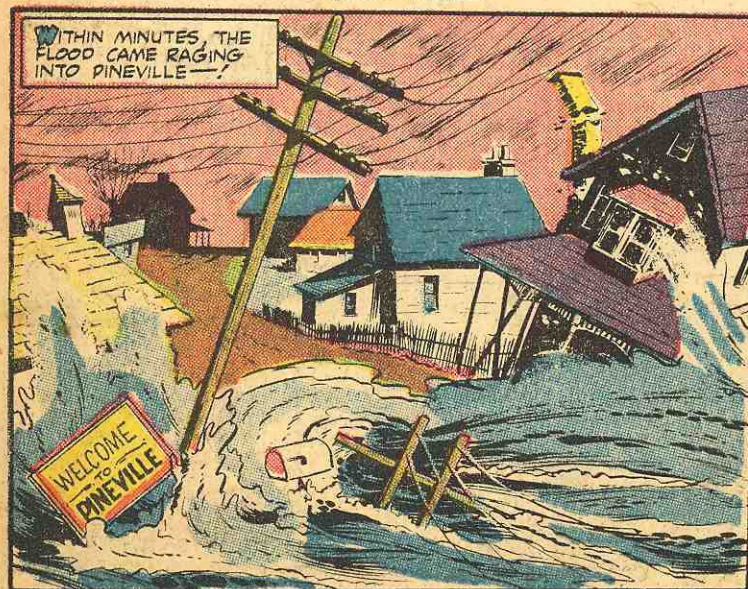
EVEN WHILE STRONGMAN AND THE GENERAL ENTERED PINEVILLE, THE ESCAPING CONVICTS WERE PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE TOWN'S DESTINY...!

THIS ROAD OVER THE DAM IS THE NEAREST GOOD ONE FOR A COUPLE OF MILES... AND IF YOU LOOK UP AHEAD YOU'LL SEE PATSY READY TO PUSH THE PLUNGER THAT'LL BLAST THE ROADWAY OUT OF SHAPE SO NOBODY CAN FOLLOW US FOR AWHILE...!



AND THEN—





THE LONG NIGHT PASSES AT LAST...AND WITH THE COMING OF A
DESOLATE, DIRTY GRAY DAWN, SURVIVORS OF THE FLOOD ONCE AGAIN SAW
PINEVILLE—NO LONGER A TOWN, BUT ONLY A WRECKAGE—STREWN SEA...

HEY! DO I HEAR
FAINT CRIES FROM
THAT HOUSE?



YOU SURE **DO**, GENERAL! NOW
I'M GLAD WE PICKED UP THIS
ROPE—AND I'M EVERLASTINGLY
GRATEFUL TO OLD TIM THORPE,
WHO TAUGHT ME HOW TO USE
A LARIAT...!



PLEASE HURRY,
MISTER! THE
ATTIC'S ALMOST
FULL OF WATER—
AND WE'RE
GETTING
TIRED...!

I'LL BE
THROUGH TO
YOU IN A
MINUTE—
HANG!
ON....



THAT
DOES
IT...!

GEEEEEE!!!



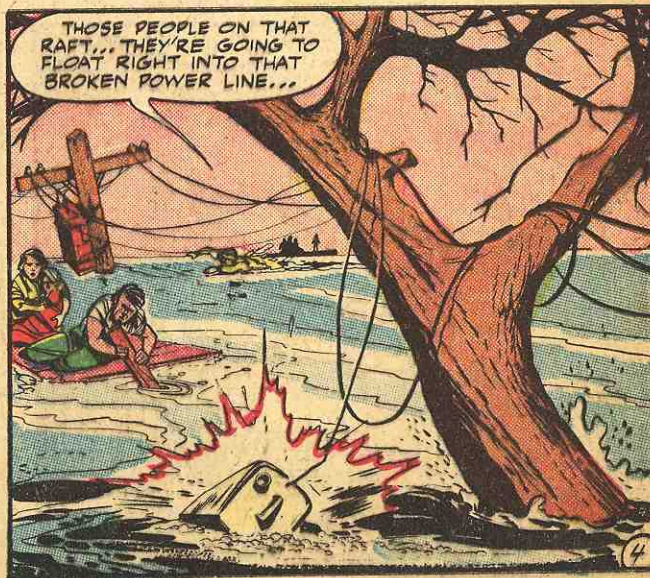
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OUR FOLKS WERE OUT
VISITING AUNT KITTY—
HEY! LOOKIT HIM!

HEY!
STRONGMAN!
WHERE YOU
GOING?

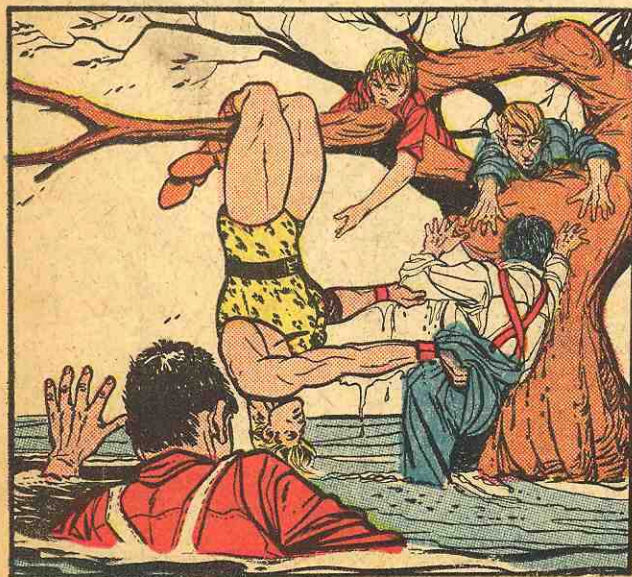


THOSE PEOPLE ON THAT
RAFT... THEY'RE GOING TO
FLOAT RIGHT INTO THAT
BROKEN POWER LINE...





HE SAVED THAT GIRL... AND AS THE GREY MORNING WORE ON, HE BROUGHT HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND COURAGE TO THE AID OF MANY OTHER PEOPLE IN DISTRESS...

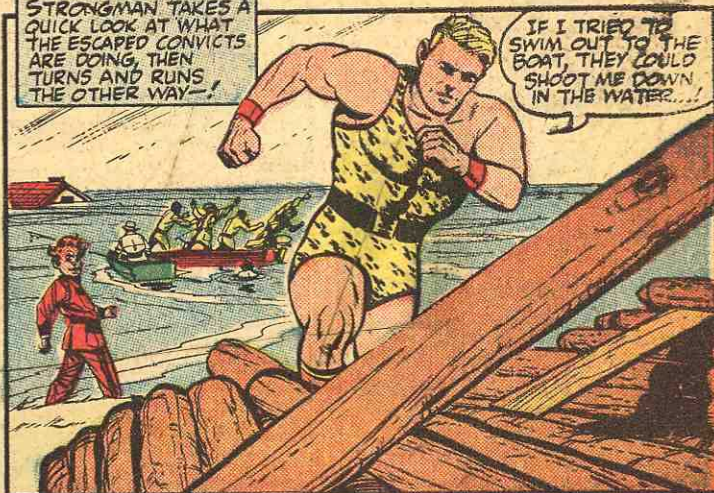




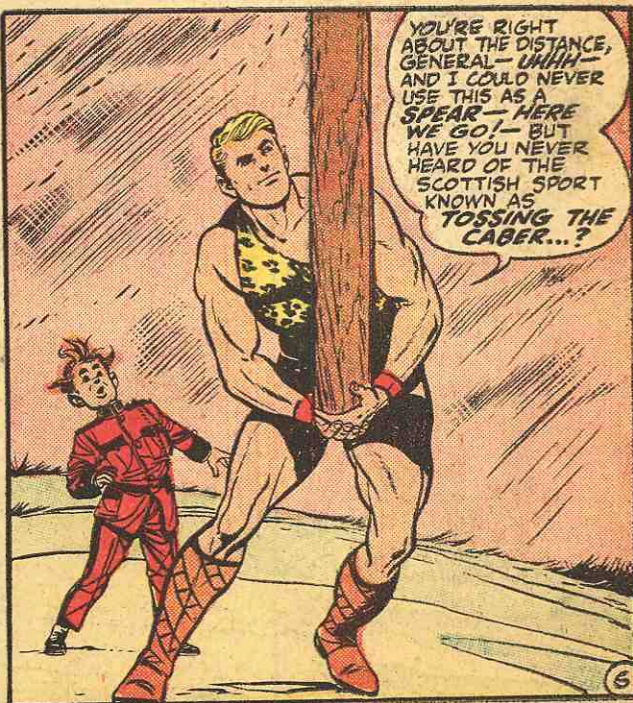
AT THAT MOMENT, STRONGMAN HAD FINALLY REACHED HIGHER GROUND, REJOINING THE GENERAL—



STRONGMAN TAKES A QUICK LOOK AT WHAT THE ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE DOING, THEN TURNS AND RUNS THE OTHER WAY—



HIS GREAT MUSCLES RIPPLED, TENSED, AND PULLED, AS STRONGMAN LIFTED ONE OF THE POLES FROM A PILE...



WHEN HE HAS LIFTED THE POLE UNTIL ITS LOWER END WAS ABOUT LEVEL WITH HIS ELBOWS, STRONGMAN BEGAN TO RUN—



AND JUST AS HE NEARED THE WATER, WITH MOMENTUM AT MAXIMUM, STRONGMAN "TOSSED THE CABER"—



...THE BIG POLE SAILED THROUGH A TREMENDOUS ARC-AND CAME DOWN LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT THE CONVICTS HAD TAKEN OVER—!



NOW I'D BETTER FETCH THEM IN... I DON'T KNOW IF THEY CAN SWIM OR NOT— BUT THE SHOCK OF SEEING THAT POLE COME DOWN OUT OF NOWHERE MUST HAVE STUNNED THEM...!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS— TAKE IT EASY NOW!

I THINK, GENERAL, THAT THEY'RE ALL WASHED-UP!

LOOKS LIKE PROVIDENCE RELENTED ABOUT THIS TOWN IN THE END, STRONGMAN— SENDING YOU IN OUR DARKEST HOUR...!

THEY SAY THAT HOUR COMES JUST BEFORE DAWN, SIR... MAYBE THEY'LL BE A BRIGHTER DAY FOR PINEVILLE NOW...!



THE END

\$35,000

BONUS OFFERED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT
FOR *URANIUM FOUND ANYWHERE!

IT'S EASY! NOW
YOU
CAN FIND
URANIUM
ON YOUR FARM!
IN YOUR OWN
BACKYARD!

FREE! BOOKLET
"HOW TO
MAKE MONEY
PROSPECTING
FOR URANIUM"

Send 20¢ to cover postage and handling

HAVE THESE AND OTHER QUESTIONS ANSWERED...

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- ④ What Equipment Is Required to Find Uranium?
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"How To Make Money Prospecting for Uranium"
and other FREE literature.

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Fool Your Friends!

Giant package of **IMPORTED TRICKS**

Be the **LIFE OF THE PARTY!**



Squirt Trick
KNOW YOUR FRIENDS THE TRICK
PRESS AND SQUIRT NON TO
FACE - AS HE LOOKS TO

SHINER
BLACK EYE JOKE!
IN TRYING TO
FOCUS THE TRICK
SCOPES THEY GET
A BLACK EYE

SNAPPING CHEWING GUM
When the victim reaches for a
stick of gum and the spring snaps
WATCH HIM JUMP!

SUCKERS CARD TRICK
10c
Give the folder. When a
child is selected it will be seen
in opening the other side
A Double Pocket Trick

Jumping Snake CIGAR
OFFER YOUR FRIENDS A CIGAR WHEN
HE ACCEPTS SQUEEZE A SNAKE
WILL POP OUT.

ILLUSION BILL FOLDER
BY TURNING THE BILL FOLDER OVER
AND OVER SEVERAL MAGIC TRICKS
CAN BE DONE BY ANYONE

DISAPPEARING MYSTERY FAN
Open and Fan will appear, turn up
side down, and Fan disappears.

Special Offer
12 TRICKS ONLY
\$1

RUSH COUPON TODAY! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

PAUL MARTIN NOVELTY CO. DEPT. SM3
400 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please rush me Giant Package of Imported
Funny and Magic Tricks. I am enclosing \$1.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MAGIC WATER FLOWER
DROP CONTENTS IN WATER
FLOWERS WILL APPEAR

Wonder VOICE Thrower
Open the folder. When a
child is selected it will be seen
in opening the other side
A Double Pocket Trick

HOT PEPPER CHEWING GUM
The more they chew the hotter they get!

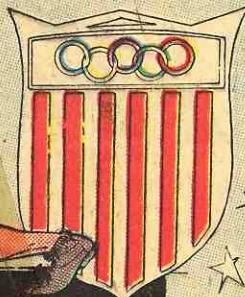
Nail Three Finger
A CIGAR ILLUSION

IMITATION LIT CIGARETTE
YOU WILL SURPRISE EVERYBODY LOOKS
LIKE THE REAL THING IT'S A REAL
POOLIE

MUSCLE BUILDING

WORLD CHAMPS ★

HE HOLDS THE
WORLD RECORD
SNATCH AT
331 $\frac{1}{4}$ LBS.



TO BUILD HIMSELF UP
AFTER A SERIOUS ILLNESS,
CANADA'S DOUG HERBURN,
BECAME SO INTERESTED
IN THE SPORT AND GOT
SO STRONG THAT HE NOW
HOLDS THE WORLD'S
PRESS RECORD AT 381
POUNDS!

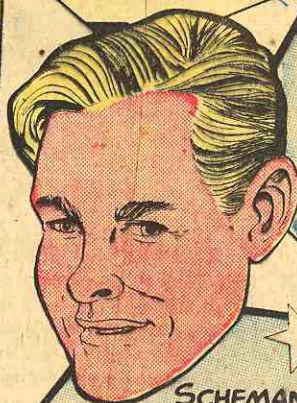


TODAY, AS NEVER BEFORE, WORLD RECORDS ARE
BEING ATTACKED BY SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED
WEIGHTLIFTERS IN EVERY COUNTRY. THE FIERCEST
MAJOR COMPETITION IS AMONG THE TWO WORLD
LEADERS. THE U.S. AND RUSSIA!

THE NEWEST NAME IN INTERNATIONAL
WEIGHT LIFTING HEADLINES IS

NORBERT SCHEMANSKY

U.S. AND WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.



HE ALSO
HOLDS THE
WORLD
RECORD
FOR TOTAL
WEIGHT
WITH **1074 $\frac{1}{4}$**
POUNDS.

SCHEMANSKY HAS BEEN
ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE IN INTER-
NATIONAL COMPETITION AND IN PARIS
IN 1954, AGAINST STIFF RUSSIAN OP-
POSITION, SET A NEW CLEAN AND JERK
MARK WITH A **RECORD 425 POUNDS!**
POLISH BY DESCENT, HE WAS ONCE
APPROACHED BY POLAND'S COMMUNIST
OFFICIALS TO COACH THAT UNHAPPY
COUNTRY'S TEAM. HE TURNED THEM
DOWN COLD!

OUTSTANDING
AMONG WORLD
LIGHTWEIGHTS
IS 'DMITRI
IVANOV, THE
YOUNG CHAMPION
FROM USSR
WHO HAS WON
THE 148 TITLE,
SMASHING ALL
MARKS.



Powell

SNOWED IN

SNOW swirled around Warden John Dow as he pushed open the door of the Forest Ranger's cabin on Snake Mountain. Slamming the door behind him, he headed for the large pot-bellied stove in the corner of the room. He stood beside it for a moment enjoying its warmth before he started to peel off his snow-encrusted clothing.

"Can't see a thing from the observation tower," he remarked to Ranger Robert Jones, who was busily writing at the table near the window. "Any weather reports?"

"Are you kidding?" Bob asked, as he laid down his pen and picked up his pipe. "This is going to be a good one. Blizzard lasting up to three days. All men ordered to stay at stations until further notice." He puffed steadily at his pipe. "At least we don't have anyone wandering around these mountains to rescue," he added.

The warden's skin visibly paled under the windburn. "Well, don't be so sure about that, Bob," he replied thoughtfully.

"What do you mean?" the ranger demanded.

Warden Dow poured himself a cup of coffee from the pot on top of the stove before he answered. "Well," he began, "when I was patrolling down by the creek this morning, I bumped into Art Cooper's two kids, Steve and Bill. They're camping out at the old logger's cabin in Snake Woods."

"Alone?" Bob asked.

The warden nodded. "And proud of it, too. Guess Art figured the boys are old enough now to take care of themselves." He sipped his coffee in silence. "They've been gunning for years with Art," he continued finally, "and he's as good a woodsman as they come. If the kids stay put in the logger's cabin, they'll be O.K. Wish I'd known about this storm when I met them, though," he added glumly.

A blast of wind shook the ranger's cabin, and the snow and sleet hissed against the window. "Any idea how they're fixed for grub?" Bob asked.

"Well, they said they had a three-day supply. Flour, beans and that sort of thing. Expected to shoot whatever else they needed," the warden replied. "They had

already bagged a couple of rabbits when I saw them."

"Not bad," Bob said. "There's nothing we can do for those kids right now," he continued. "And if they're as smart as I give them credit for, they'll weather the blizzard in fine shape."

• • •

When Steve and Bill left the warden earlier that day, they had decided to head back to the cabin. They had been hunting since dawn and were beginning to get tired and hungry.

Steve noticed the sky was getting darker and urged his brother to hurry his pace.

"What's the rush?" the younger boy asked.

"Look at the sky," Steve replied. "We're in for a storm." He had no sooner spoken than the first snowflakes began to fall.

The snowfall became heavier as the boys entered Snake Woods, and the wind began to whine.

"Good thing we blazed a trail the way Dad taught us," Steve said, as the drifting snow blotted out familiar landmarks. It was hard going, but the two boys were able to follow the trail markings back to the cabin.

Bill was scared. He had been out in bad storms before, but his father had been with them then. "Maybe we should try to reach the main road," he suggested nervously, "instead of staying here."

"Nothing doing," Steve retorted sharply. "Remember what Dad said? If the weather gets bad, hole up like the animals do. Make your rations stretch, and get in a good supply of firewood. As long as you're warm and dry, have food to eat, and water to drink, you'll be O.K. And that's just what we're going to do," he continued, eyeing his brother speculatively. "Not scared, are you, Bill?"

The younger boy shook his head. That sounded like Dad talking, and he felt better.

"Suppose you start chopping the wood," Steve continued, "and I'll clean the game and fix us something to eat."

The boys spelled each other through the afternoon chopping the big logs, which they

had dragged to the cabin when they first made camp, into stove-length pieces. As darkness closed in, the youths had the woodbox next to the rusty stove which heated the cabin piled high with wood. The rest of their supply they stacked outside near the entrance to the cabin and covered it with a piece of canvas to keep it dry.

Although the supply looked large, Steve was secretly worried. He knew how fast wood burned, and the cabin was old and full of holes. Even with the stove going, it would be chilly.

"If the storm continues," he warned Bill, "we won't be able to get out in the woods for more logs. We must make what we have here last."

Weary from the day's activities, the boys climbed into their sleeping bags early. The storm whistled and howled around the old cabin and penetrated the cracks. The snow fell steadily all through the night.

Steve woke first and built up the fire in the stove so that the cabin would be warm when Bill got up. He mixed flapjack batter and then called his brother to breakfast.

"Has the snow stopped?" Bill asked sleepily.

"No," replied Steve as he stacked Bill's plate high with hot cakes. "Don't think it will, either."

While the storm raged outside, the boys kept busy. They melted snow for water, made a large rabbit stew, and checked the webbing of their snowshoes so that they could escape from the cabin when the storm ceased.

Bill was cold. He fed the stove generously with wood until his brother stopped him. "Take it easy with that firewood," he told Bill. "Our supply is getting low."

"But I'm cold," Bill complained.

"Put on more sweaters then," Steve replied sharply. Steve was cold, too, and worried, for the supply of wood was dwindling fast. He tried to plug up some of the holes in the floor to keep out the draft, but there were too many.

When night fell, there was just one stick of firewood left.

"Let's burn it," pleaded Bill, whose teeth chattered with the cold.

"No," Steve said unrelentingly. "We must save it. We can shave it down for kindling if the storm lets up tomorrow. If we find any wood it will be wet, so we must have something to start the fire."

After supper the boys turned in. The cold woke Steve during the night—and instantly he had a feeling that something besides his brother was in the cabin with them. The dim light from the stove cast a red glow in the corner of the room, and as Steve stared, he saw the gleam of a pair of eyes. Some animal

must have climbed in one of the holes in the floor to take shelter from the storm, he thought, as he watched the eyes.

Suddenly the creature moved. Steve started to inch his way out of his sleeping bag, when he heard a hissing nose over his head. He looked up and saw the animal darting along the top of the bunk. He scrambled out of the bag and groped unsuccessfully around the floor for his gun.

He needed a light. He stumbled uncertainly across the cabin floor to the table in the center of the room on which he had placed the lantern. The animal beat him to the table and crouched on it ready to spring. Steve ducked as the animal leaped across the room. Round and round the room, the animal and Steve darted.

The noise woke Bill. At that moment, the dying fire flared up and Bill saw a long, slender white animal crouched by the door ready to spring at Steve. He yelled a warning, and wiggled out of his sleeping bag. He ran across the floor to the woodbox and grabbed the last stick of firewood.

The animal jumped again. It hit the stick of firewood and sank its teeth firmly into the soft wood. It was embedded fast.

Steve found the lantern and lit it. Astounded, he saw Bill holding the stick with the ferret-like animal clinging to it.

"Throw it outside," he yelled, rushing to open the cabin door.

Bill heaved the stick with the ermine on it far out into the snow. The impact of landing loosened the stick from the ferret's mouth. Unhurt, it disappeared into the woods, its fur blending with the snow.

"Look!" shouted Steve. "It's stopped snowing! We can get out of here at last!"

* * *

When the rangers reached the cabin a short while later, they found the boys getting ready to leave for home. Steve was packing a stick in his knapsack.

"A souvenir of the storm?" Ranger Jones asked, grinning.

"I suppose you could call it that," Steve replied. "It was our last piece of firewood. Thought we'd hang onto it as a remembrance of our hunting trip."

The boys put on their snowshoes and joined the rangers outside the cabin for the long trek to the main road and home.

"Look at the tracks in the snow, boys," Ranger Jones said as they started away from the cabin. "Those were made by an ermine. Pretty nasty critters, they can be too," he continued, "particularly if they're cornered."

Bill and Steve looked at each other. "You're telling us!" they cried in unison.

THE END

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STRONG MAN

THERE WAS RHYME—BUT LITTLE REASON...YET IN THE MAD DESIGN THERE WAS PRECISION AND A THREAD OF LOGIC... IN THE END, WHEN TIME WOULD NOT STAND STILL, IT REMAINED FOR **STRONGMAN** TO FACE DEATH ON THE HIGH TOWER TO RESCUE TRAPPED MEN AWAITING

THE DEADLY HOUR

Powell

IT IS NEARLY NOON OF A BRIGHT SUMMER'S DAY... TWO MEN ARE PLAYING A QUIET GAME OF GOLF ON THE VAST PRIVATE ESTATE OF ROGER THORPE—WHEN SUDDENLY A DISTOL SHOT CRACKS SHARPLY...AND ONE MAN FALLS...



I SEE YOU...YOU ASSASSIN! STOP! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY...!

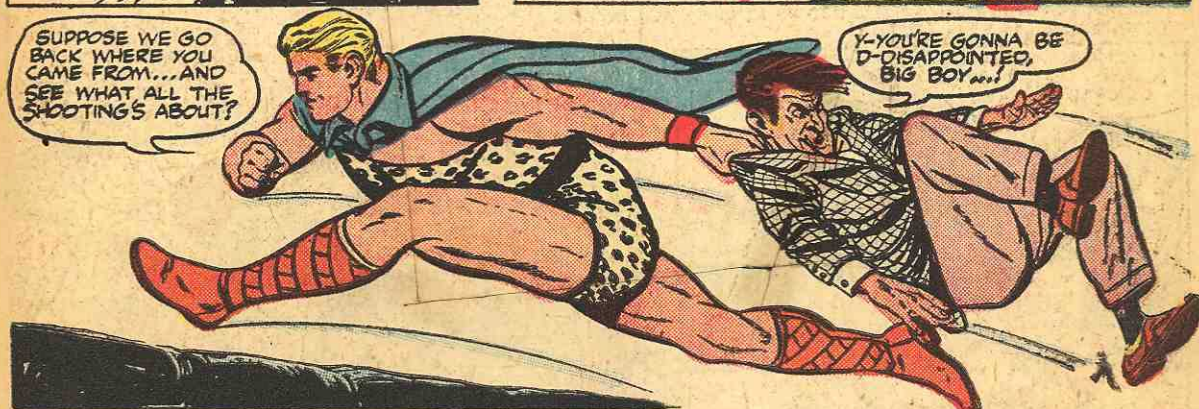


HE'S FAR ENOUGH BEHIND
ALLRIGHT—I'LL GET
ANDY CLEAN!



WUPP!

NOT SO FAST, MY LITTLE
KANGAROO! I HEARD A
SHOT—AND HERE YOU
COME A-LEAPING WITH A
GUN IN YOUR HOT
LITTLE HAND...!



SUPPOSE WE GO
BACK WHERE YOU
CAME FROM...AND
SEE WHAT ALL THE
SHOOTING'S ABOUT?

Y-YOU'RE GONNA BE
D-DISAPPOINTED,
BIG BOY...



ROGER! YOU'RE
NOT DEAD...

NO, JONATHAN... I
JUST HAD A
FAINTING SPELL
WHEN I HEARD
THAT SHOT...



SEE, BIG BOY? I TOLD
YOU I WAS ONLY TRYING
TO SCARE HIM... I
DIDN'T INTEND TO
HIT HIM AT ALL!

DO YOU
KNOW
THIS
MAN,
MR. THORPE?



NO... I NEVER SAW HIM
BEFORE... BUT THE WAY
THINGS HAVE BEEN
HAPPENING LATELY, I'M NOT
AT ALL SURPRISED WHEN
PERFECT STRANGERS TURN
UP AND TAKE POT SHOTS
AT ME...



STRONGMAN, I REALIZE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND THE MIDGET ARE HERE ONLY TO ENTERTAIN THE BOY SCOUTS... BUT I KNOW YOU'RE A FRIEND OF ROGER THORPE TOO... SO, MAYBE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THE TROUBLE HE HAS...



YOU HEARD THE STRANGE THING HE SAID? FRANKLY, I'M AFRAID ROGER MAY BE LOSING HIS MIND! HE'S LOSING WEIGHT, HE'S VERY NERVOUS LATELY, AND HE GETS VERY EXCITABLE AS NOON TIME APPROACHES...



MAYBE HE'S JUST WORKING TOO HARD. WHEN THE SHOW'S OVER THIS AFTER-NOON, I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. MEANWHILE, I BETTER TAKE THIS LAD TO THE LOCAL JAIL!

THAT AFTERNOON, **STRONGMAN** AND THE GENERAL PUT ON A SHOW FOR THE BOY SCOUT TROOP ENJOYING A WEEKEND AS GUESTS OF ROGER THORPE...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, **STRONGMAN**—FORGET TO EAT YOUR BREAKFAST CEREAL TODAY?

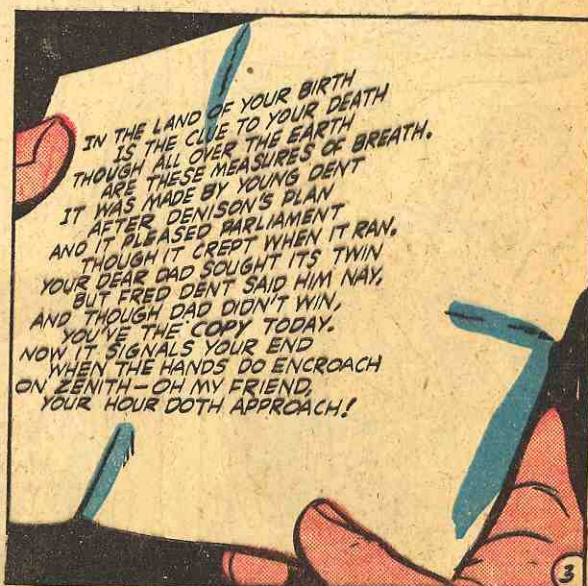


SEE? NOW THAT YOU HAD YOUR **CORNIES** YOU'RE AS STRONG AS ME! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT YOU HAVE ANOTHER BOX TOP TO MAIL SO YOU CAN GET A BOXTOP-CUTTER-OFFER!

AND, LATER, **STRONGMAN** ASKS THE MILLIONAIRE WHAT'S TROUBLING HIM...



YOU'D BE TROUBLED TOO IF YOU KNEW SOMEONE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU! HERE, READ THIS...!



IN THE LAND OF YOUR BIRTH
IS THE CLUE TO YOUR DEATH
THOUGH ALL OVER THE EARTH
ARE THESE MEASURES OF BREATH.
IT WAS MADE BY YOUNG DENT
AFTER DENISON'S PLAN
AND IT PLEASED PARLIAMENT
THOUGH IT CREEPT WHEN IT RAN.
YOUR DEAR DAD SOUGHT ITS TWIN
BUT FRED DENT SAID HIM NAY,
AND THOUGH DAD DIDN'T WIN,
YOU'VE THE COPY TODAY.
NOW IT SIGNALS YOUR END
WHEN THE HANDS DO ENCRITCH
ON ZENITH—OH MY FRIEND,
YOUR HOUR DOTTH APPROACH!

AN INTERESTING LITTLE POEM, ROGER. DO YOU KNOW OF ANY ENEMY WHO MIGHT HAVE SENT IT TO YOU?

NO ONE IN PARTICULAR—AS THE HEAD OF A WIDESPREAD GROUP OF BIG CORPORATIONS I'M BOUND TO STEP ON SOME-BODY'S TOES AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.



THAT LITTLE GUNMAN WAS PROBABLY HIRED TO THROW A SCARE INTO YOU, THOUGH HE WOULDN'T ADMIT IT TO THE POLICE. SAID HE WAS JUST PASSING BY AND DECIDED TO PLAY A GAG. HE'S LYING, OF COURSE—HMMM. THIS POEM SUGGESTS A CLOCK...

YOU'RE RIGHT, STRONGMAN. AND ALTHOUGH I'M NOW AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, I WAS BORN IN ENGLAND. SO I LOOKED UP THE NAMES OF DENT AND DENISON IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA...



YOU KNOW THE FAMOUS WESTMINSTER CLOCK ON THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN LONDON? IT'S USUALLY CALLED **BIG BEN**, BUT THAT'S WRONG, BECAUSE IT'S THE **BELL**, NOT THE CLOCK THAT'S SO NAMED...

...ANYWAY.. THAT CLOCK WAS MADE BY **FREDERIC DENT** IN 1854, FROM PLANS DRAWN BY **EDMUND BECKETT DENISON**. MY LATE FATHER, I LEARNED RECENTLY, ALWAYS WANTED DENT TO BUILD HIM A DUPLICATE BUT DENT WOULDN'T. SO DAD GOT HIMSELF A CLOCK-BUILDER TO COPY IT....

...YOU'VE SEEN IT, **STRONGMAN** IN THE TOWER OF THORPE TRADING COMPANY'S HOME OFFICE.

IN THAT CASE, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT NOONTIME ANYPLACE ELSE BUT **THERE**. I'D GUESS. NOW IT SIGNALS YOUR **END**—" SAYS THE POEM.



I DON'T KNOW—A LOT OF ACCIDENTS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING AROUND NOON LATELY, RIGHT HERE ON THIS TERRACE LAST WEEK!

MR. THORPE! LOOK OUT! THAT STONE WINDOW BOX—



WINDOW BOXES DON'T JUST FALL DOWN LIKE THAT EVERY DAY!... SO, IF IT'S A BUSINESS ENEMY HOUNDING ME, MAYBE I SHOULD **RETIRE**—LIKE JONATHON HERE IS DOING TOMORROW...

I'M NOT REALLY **RETIRING**... I'M SIMPLY **FORCED** TO QUIT.

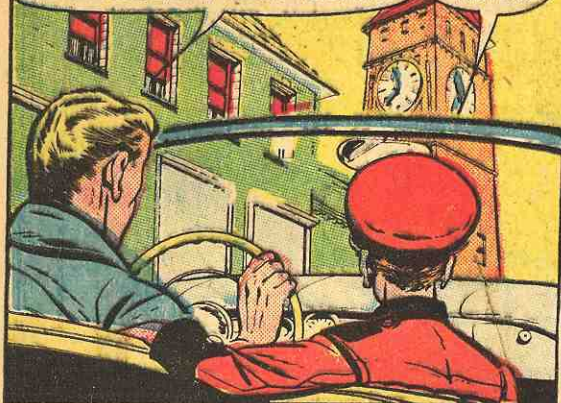


JONATHON REEVE'S WORDS ARE QUIETLY SPOKEN— BUT HIS HEARERS CANNOT SEE HIS **FACE**...

YET, SOMETHING ABOUT REEVE'S WORDS TROUBLED **STRONGMAN** SUBCONSCIOUSLY, AND THE NEXT DAY—

I CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MY FINGER ON IT, GENERAL... BUT IN ANY EVENT, I HAVE A HUNCH WE BETTER BE NEAR ROGER AT NOON TODAY...

THERE'S THORPE TOWER NOW...



AND THERE'S THE CLOCK!... AND IT'S TWENTY MINUTES TO NOON...



AS **STRONGMAN** AND THE GENERAL ENTER THORPE TOWER

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! LISTEN CAREFULLY! YOUR LIVES MAY DEPEND ON IT...



THAT'S OUR PUBLIC-ADDRESS SYSTEM—CONNECTS TO EVERY OFFICE AND EVERY CORRIDOR IN THE WHOLE BUILDING.

THIS IS JONATHAN REEVE SPEAKING FROM THE TOWER... ROGER THORPE AND HIS ENTIRE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP BY ME—IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES ABOVE THE CLOCK... WHERE THEY WILL ALL DIE AT THE HOUR OF NOON...!



WHEN THE CLOCK HANDS MEET ON TWELVE, A BOMB WILL BLOW THE TOP OF THE TOWER TO SMITHEREENS...!

TAKE ME UP THERE!

NOT ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



I'LL TAKE YOU UP, MISTER! BUT THESE ELEVATORS ONLY GO TO THE BASE OF THE TOWER—THEN THERE'S A SINGLE CAR THAT RUNS UP TO THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES...



I'VE JAMMED THE EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR IN THE SHAFT! I GUARD THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE THAT IS THE ONLY OTHER WAY UP! AND EVEN I CAN'T STOP THE BOMB NOW—BECAUSE IT'S CONTROLLED BY THE BIG CLOCK...!



...LEAVE THE UPPER STORIES...
BUT STAY IN THE BUILDING!—
BECAUSE PEOPLE IN THE STREET
WILL BE HURT BY FALLING
WRECKAGE WHEN THE TOP
OF THE TOWER BLOWS
OFF...!



...I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE
COMPANY PRESIDENT WHEN
WOODROW THORPE DIED—BUT HIS
SON, ROGER, AND A TOADYING
BOARD OF DIRECTORS CHEATED
ME!...AND THEN THEY
ORDERED MY
RETIREMENT...!

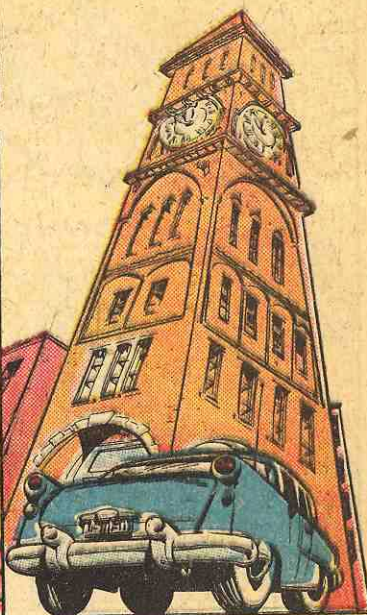
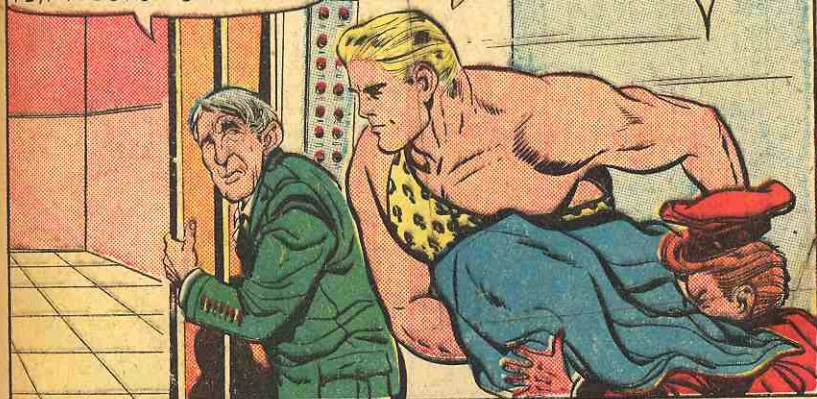


...THEY ALL GATHERED IN
MY HONOR TODAY TO
PRESENT ME WITH A
CERTIFICATE OF
FAITHFUL SERVICE
AND AN EXPENSIVE
WATCH— BUT
INSTEAD I
LOCKED THEM
ALL UP, AND
NOW I'M
GIVING THEM
A CLOCK...!

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE
BASE OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE
SECTION. THE CLOCK'S A
FEW FLOORS ABOVE US.

IS THERE ANYWAY
YOU KNOW THAT WE
CAN STOP IT?

CAN'T WE JUST
PULL A PLUG OR
SOMETHING?



NO—IT ISN'T AN *ELECTRIC* CLOCK—
IT WORKS BY MEANS OF *WEIGHTS*.
AND THE DOOR TO THE THREE
LEVELS OF THE CLOCK WORKS—
THE MOVEMENT, THE DIAL
CHAMBER AND THE BELLROOM—
WOULD TAKE A COUPLE OF
HOURS TO BREAK DOWN...



THERE'S THE DOOR TO
THE SPIRAL STAIR-
CASE, BUT I DON'T
THINK WE COULD
USE IT SUCCESS-
FULLY!



NO... I GUESS WE CAN'T
GET UP THIS WAY...





IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS, THE DOOMED MEN FACE THEIR FATE...

YOU ALL KNOW HOW **SOLID** THESE DOORS ARE. I DON'T THINK YOU COULD CHOP THEM DOWN IN A DAY'S TIME—AND OUR POOR FRIEND JONATHAN HAS LOCKED THEM AND TAKEN AWAY THE KEY...

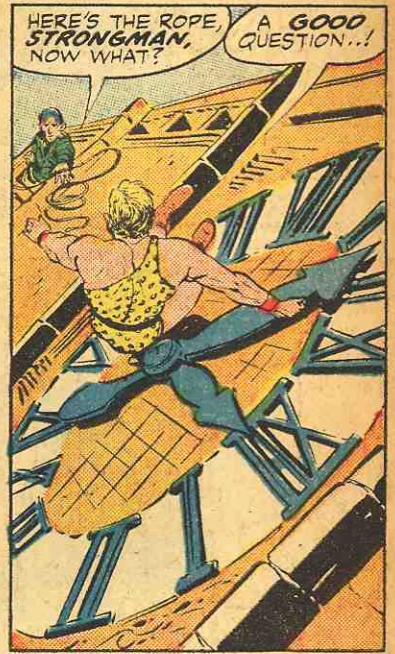


THERE'S ONE CHANCE. I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN DO A "HUMAN FLY" ACT AND CLIMB UP TO THAT CLOCK-FACE... MEANWHILE, CAN YOU GET ME ABOUT 20 TO 25 FEET OF STRONG ROPE?

I THINK SO.



I CAN CLIMB IT ALL RIGHT... BUT NOW I'M WONDERING IF I CAN STOP THE WHOLE CLOCK JUST BY STOPPING ONE HAND... THE GEARS INSIDE AND THE AXLE MIGHT TURN INDEPENDENTLY...

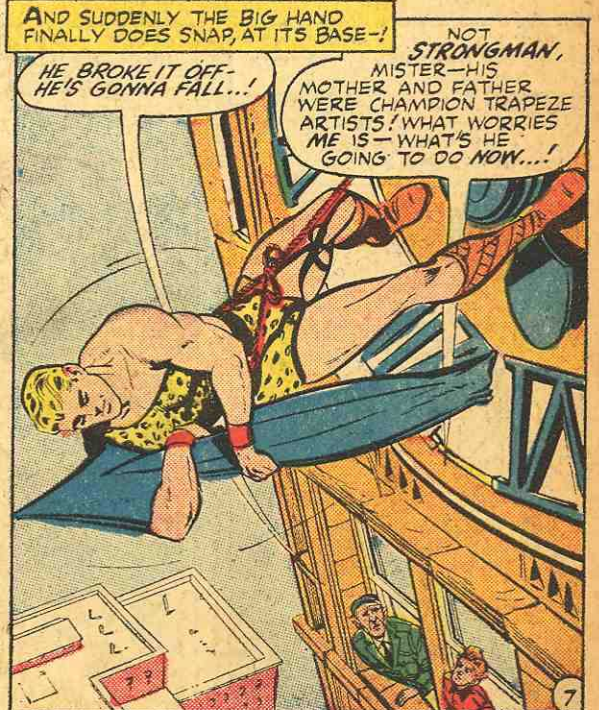


HERE'S THE ROPE, **STRONGMAN**, NOW WHAT?

A **GOOD** QUESTION...!



I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE JUST HOLDING THE MINUTE-HAND STILL—THE REST OF THE CLOCK MIGHT VERY WELL CONTINUE WORKING AND MOVING TO SET OFF THE BOMB CONTACTS... I'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK IT OFF—AND—



AND SUDDENLY THE BIG HAND FINALLY DOES SNAP, AT ITS BASE—!

HE BROKE IT OFF— HE'S GONNA FALL...!

NOT **STRONGMAN**, MISTER—HIS MOTHER AND FATHER WERE CHAMPION TRAPEZE ARTISTS! WHAT WORRIES ME IS—WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW...!

THE GENERAL'S QUESTION IS SOON ANSWERED—AS **STRONGMAN** BEGINS TO SMASH IN THE THICK GLASS OF THE CLOCK FACE...

THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT NOW... THIS HAS TO WORK!

STRONGMAN'S MIGHTY STRENGTH PREVAILS AND SOON HE IS ABLE TO SQUEEZE THROUGH A ROUGH OPENING IN THE HEAVY GLASS, INTO THE CHAMBER OF THE DIAL-OPERATING MACHINERY...

AH! THERE'S THE TRANSMISSION THAT CONNECTS THE CLOCK'S MOVEMENT TO THE GEARS THAT TURN THE HANDS...

THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK... STOPPING THE CLOCK DEAD—AND, NOT FIVE SECONDS TOO SOON....

AFTER I REMOVE YOUR INTERFERING PRESENCE, IT WON'T TAKE ME BUT A SECOND TO RELEASE THE MACHINERY—!

BUT **STRONGMAN** BEARS DOWN SWIFTLY ON THE WEDGED MINUTE-HAND—THE SUDDEN PRESSURE IS TOO MUCH—AND A LONG AXLE SPRINGS LOOSE—!

THE CLOCK IS REALLY FIGHTING YOU NOW, JONATHAN—AND THE FIGHT IS OVER, I THINK....!

LATER...

JONATHAN WILL GET A GOOD REST AND THOROUGH PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT. **STRONGMAN**.. AND PERHAPS SOMEDAY ALL THIS WILL SEEM LIKE A BAD DREAM.

MEANWHILE, HOW'S ABOUT GIVING ME THE WATCH YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE JON? NOW THAT THE BIG BOY BUSTED YOUR CLOCK, I CAN'T TELL WHAT TIME IT IS!

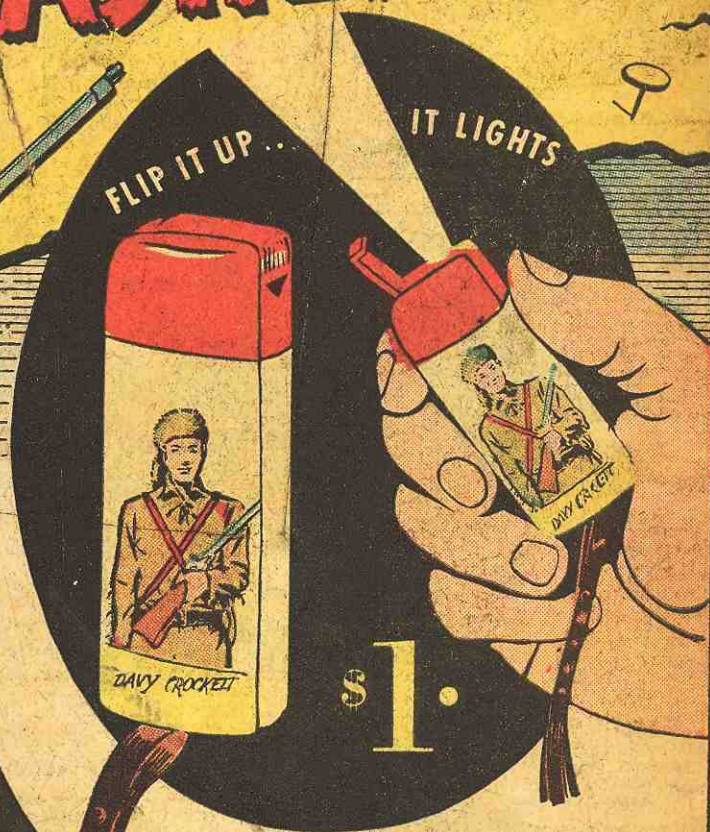
The End

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BELT LOOP

Double-barrelled, super-powered 2 cell
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HERE'S MY DOLLAR!

Rush my DAVY CROCKETT FLASHLIGHT.

Name

Address

City State

NO COD'S

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO WAS ME

THIS MAY BE
**YOUR LAST
CHANCE**
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunk as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



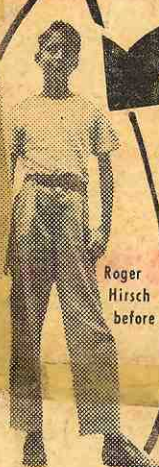
ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. **WEAKLING**.
Look at him **NOW**—
A **MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN**

from Head to Toe
as YOU
can be
soon!

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY**,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail**
coupon **NOW!**



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add
6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of **HE-MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a **Champion of Champions**.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. **ME51**

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



RADIO



ROY ROGERS
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS
BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES
FISHING KIT



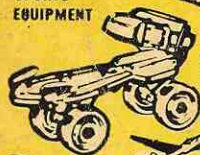
RADIUM DIAL
POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER-
STRAP BAG



SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



ROLLER
SKATES



JET ENGINE
PLANE FLIES
500 FEET!



TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



WALKING
DOLL



BOYS' OR GIRLS'
BICYCLE



ARCHERY SET



VANITY SET



PRESSURE
COOKER



JEWELRY
SET



WOODBURNING SET



UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GOOFEY PLAYER



TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



CHEMISTRY SET



RADIO RECEIVING
SET FOR SCOUTS



MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE
MONEY
TOO!



ELECTRONIC
TWO-WAY
WALKIE-TALKIE



ROY ROGERS
OR DALE
EVANS
LAMP



TEXAN JR.
GUITAR



WRIST WATCHES
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos ON 15 DAYS TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. A-115. FREE BIG PRIZE 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

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